VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES

BY MACK WHITE

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES

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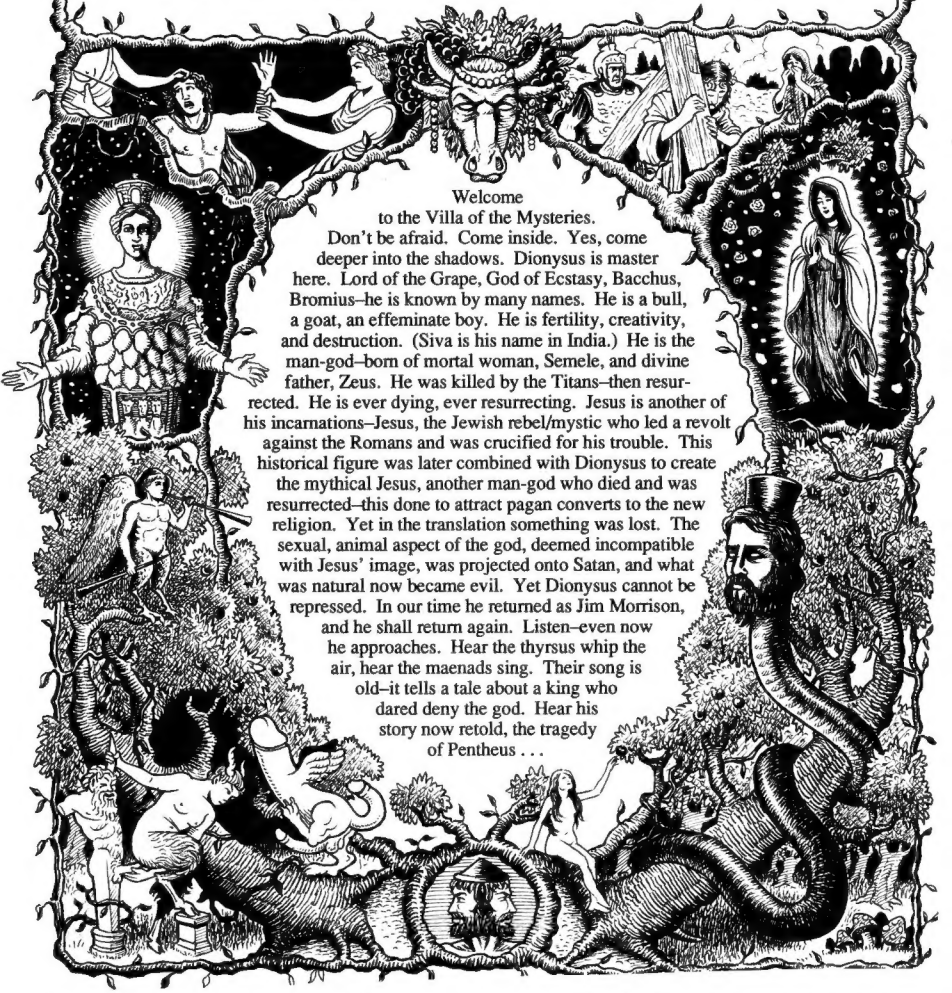

Welcome to the Villa of the Mysteries. Don't be afraid. Come inside. Yes, come deeper into the shadows. Dionysus is master here. Lord of the Grape, God of Ecstasy, Bacchus, Bromius–he is known by many names. He is a bull, a goat, an effeminate boy. He is fertility, creativity, and destruction. (Siva is his name in India.) He is the man-god–born of mortal woman, Semele, and divine father, Zeus. He was killed by the Titans–then resurrected. He is ever dying, ever resurrecting. Jesus is another of his incarnations–Jesus, the Jewish rebel/mystic who led a revolt against the Romans and was crucified for his trouble. This historical figure was later combined with Dionysus to create the mythical Jesus, another man-god who died and was resurrected–this done to attract pagan converts to the new religion. Yet in the translation something was lost. The sexual, animal aspect of the god, deemed incompatible with Jesus' image, was projected onto Satan, and what was natural now became evil. Yet Dionysus cannot be repressed. In our time he returned as Jim Morrison, and he shall return again. Listen–even now he approaches. Hear the thyrsus whip the air, hear the maenads sing. Their song is old–it tells a tale about a king who dared deny the god. Hear his story now retold, the tragedy of Pentheus . . .

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Jesus said, If you bring forth what is within you, what you bring forth will save you. If you do not bring forth what is within you, what you do not bring forth will destroy you . . .

–The Gospel of Thomas

"THIS IS MK-ULTRA, BABY..."

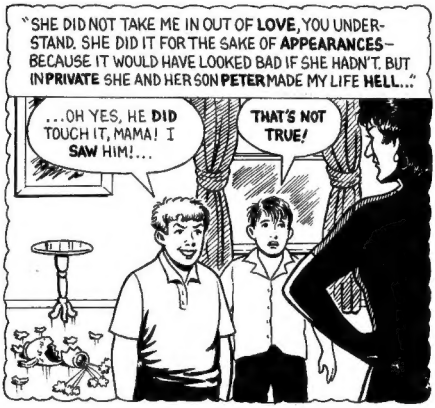
BY MACK WHITE

SAY, KITTY, DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW MY MOTHER DIED?
NO, BABY, TELL IT.

"IT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS A KID. MY MOTHER WAS HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH THE TOWN PLAYBOY. ONE NIGHT MY FATHER FOLLOWED HER..."

"HE FOUND HER IN A POOL WITH HER LOVER-AND GRABBED A RADIO THAT WAS NEARBY AND THREW IT IN, WHICH ELECTROCUTED THEM BOTH..."

"MY FATHER WENT TO PRISON, AND MY MOTHER'S SISTER-AUNT AGNES-TOOK ME IN. HER HUSBAND HAD DIED A FEW YEARS BEFORE AND LEFT HER WITH HIS TEXTILE FACTORY-THE LARGEST EMPLOYER IN TOWN..."


"SHE DID NOT TAKE ME IN OUT OF LOVE, YOU UNDERSTAND. SHE DID IT FOR THE SAKE OF APPEARANCES-BECAUSE IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED BAD IF SHE HADN'T. BUT IN PRIVATE SHE AND HER SON PETER MADE MY LIFE HELL..."
...OH YES, HE DID TOUCH IT, MAMA! I SAW HIM!...
THAT'S NOT TRUE!

"AUNT AGNES WELCOMED ANY OPPORTUNITY TO PUNISH ME, BECAUSE I WAS A REMINDER OF THE SISTER SHE HAD ALWAYS HATED, AND WHOSE DEATH HAD BEEN A SCANDAL AND A SOCIAL EMBARRASSMENT TO HER..."
...YOU UNGRATEFUL, LYING...
...LITTLE MONSTER!

"BY THE TIME I WAS EIGHTEEN, I'D HAD **ENOUGH**. I HIT THE ROAD AND HITCHHIKED TO **CALIFORNIA**. SOMEWHERE IN THE **DESERT** I DID SOME **ACID** AND BECAME POSSESSED BY AN ANCIENT **SPIRIT**..."

ELI ELI LAMA SABACHTHANI

...DIO?...DINO?... DION?...**DION**...

"I EMERGED FROM THE DESERT WITH A **NEW NAME**–A **NEW IDENTITY**– AND WHEN I GOT TO **L.A.** FORMED A **BAND**. THE REST YOU KNOW..."

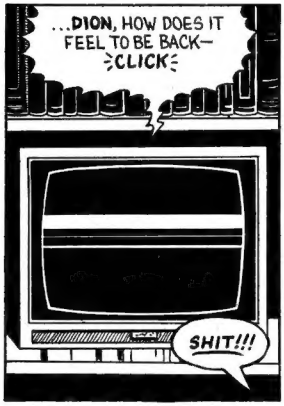
I AM SPEECHLESS. I MEAN THAT IS LIKE SO FUCKING **TRAGIC**. UNTIL THIS MOMENT I NEVER KNEW THE DEPTHS OF YOUR **PAIN**...

...**LUXOR**–A TOWN LIKE ANY OTHER IN **CENTRAL TEXAS**–BUT WITH ONE IMPORTANT **DIFFERENCE**...

...THIS IS THE **HOMETOWN** OF ROCK SUPERSTAR **DION NYSOS**...

...IT'S BEEN **TEN YEARS** SINCE **LUXOR** HAS SEEN ITS MOST CELEBRATED **NATIVE SON**–BUT TODAY **DION NYSOS** CAME HOME...

WELCOME!


...DION, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE BACK—
:CLICK:
SHIT!!!

I'M SO SICK OF HEARING ABOUT THAT FAGGOT I COULD PUKE!
NOW, PETE, COME TOMORROW HE'LL BE GONE AND EVERYTHING WILL BE BACK TO NORMAL-

NORMAL?! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD-THEY'RE GONNA' RENAME MAIN STREET AFTER HIM!
WELL, HE IS A BIG STAR...

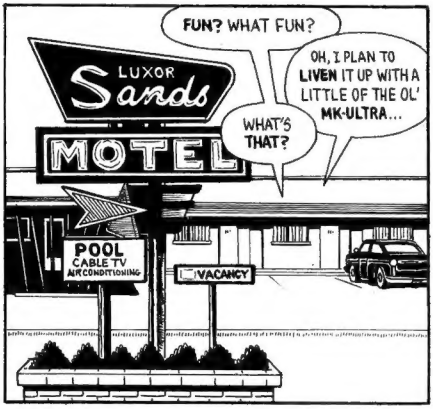
PETER! QUICK! TURN ON THE TV!

:CLICK:-AND I GAVE HIM THE FIRST REAL HOME HE EVER HAD...

OH MOM, NOT YOU TOO!
YOU OUGHT TO GET ON HIS GOOD SIDE TOO, PETER. HE'S ON THE FORBES LIST, YOU KNOW.
...IN ADDITION TO TODAY'S WELCOMING CEREMONY...

...DION WAS GUEST OF HONOR AT A LIONS CLUB LUNCHEON AND TOURED THE NEW OUTLET MALL. AND LATER HE JUDGED A TALENT CONTEST AT HIS OLD HIGH SCHOOL...

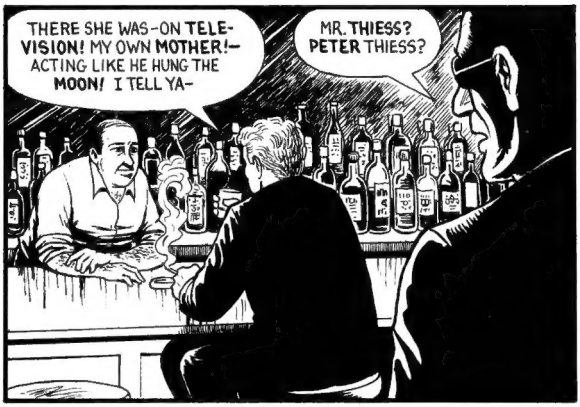
...ALL IN ALL, A BUSY FIRST DAY BACK FOR A VERY SPECIAL HOME-TOWN BOY! REPORTING FOR ENTERTAINMENT TODAY, THI-CLICK!
WHY DO WE HAVE TO GO TO ALL THESE BANQUETS AND TALENT SHOWS AND SHIT? AND WHY DO WE HAVE TO HIDE OUT IN THIS FUCKING FLEABAG?...
...I THINK WE SHOULD SKIP THAT PARTY TONIGHT AND GO BACK HOME. WHAT DO YOU SAY, BABY?
BUT THEN WE'D MISS THE FUN.

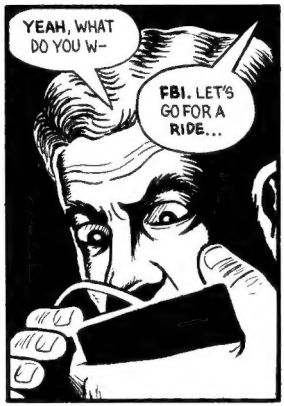

FUN? WHAT FUN?
OH, I PLAN TO LIVEN IT UP WITH A LITTLE OF THE OL' MK-ULTRA...
WHAT'S THAT?
LUXOR Sands
MOTEL
POOL
CABLE TV
AIR CONDITIONING
VACANCY

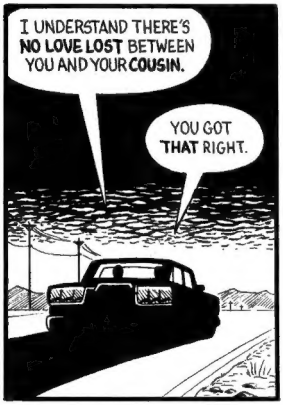
MK-ULTRA WAS THE CIA'S MIND CONTROL PROJECT. ONE OF THE DRUGS THEY DEVELOPED WAS THIS ONE. IT'S AN APHRODISIAC...

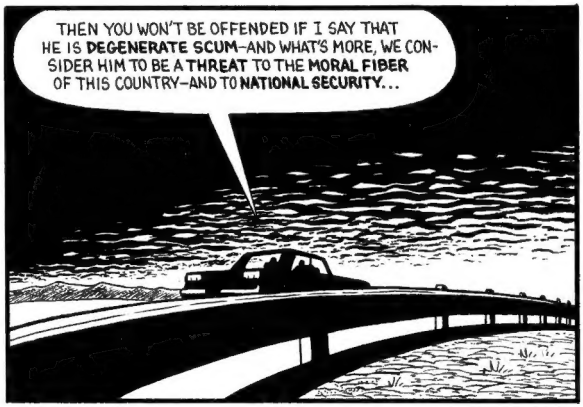
...SEE, WHILE I'M TALKING TO MY AUNT AND ALL THOSE OTHER STUPID FUCKS, YOU'LL EMPTY THIS VIAL INTO THE PUNCH BOWL...
...SO WHADDAYA' SAY? ARE YOU GAME FOR A LITTLE MK-ULTRA?

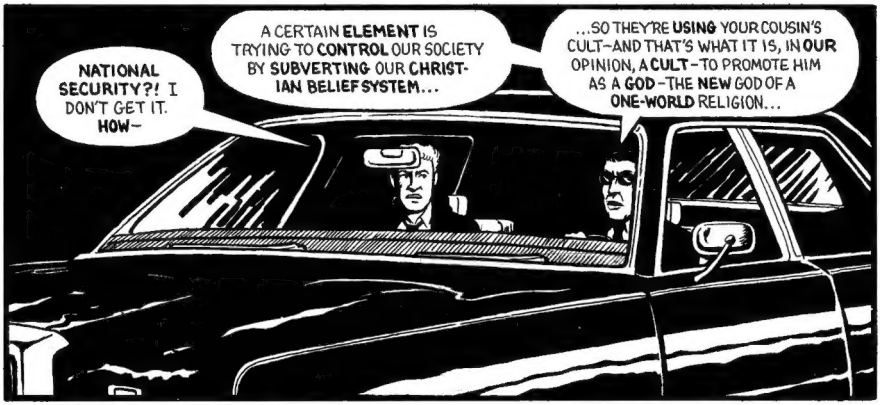
HA-HA-HA! BABY, I WOULDN'T MISS THIS ORGY FOR ALL THE HASH IN MOROCCO!


THERE SHE WAS-ON TELE-VISION! MY OWN MOTHER!- ACTING LIKE HE HUNG THE MOON! I TELL YA-
MR. THIESS? PETER THIESS?


YEAH, WHAT DO YOU W-
FBI. LET'S GO FOR A RIDE...


I UNDERSTAND THERE'S NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR COUSIN.
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT.

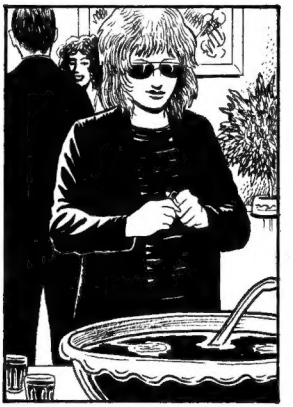

THEN YOU WON'T BE OFFENDED IF I SAY THAT HE IS DEGENERATE SCUM-AND WHAT'S MORE, WE CONSIDER HIM TO BE A THREAT TO THE MORAL FIBER OF THIS COUNTRY-AND TO NATIONAL SECURITY...


NATIONAL SECURITY?! I DON'T GET IT. HOW-
A CERTAIN ELEMENT IS TRYING TO CONTROL OUR SOCIETY BY SUBVERTING OUR CHRISTIAN BELIEF SYSTEM...
...SO THEY'RE USING YOUR COUSIN'S CULT-AND THAT'S WHAT IT IS, IN OUR OPINION, A CULT-TO PROMOTE HIM AS A GOD-THE NEW GOD OF A ONE-WORLD RELIGION...

...SO, YOU SEE, WHAT THE NEW TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT HOPES TO ACCOMPLISH IS NOT THE COMPLETE PROHIBITION OF ALL ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES...

...JUST A FEW NEW RESTRICTIONS. COMMUNION WINE WILL BE ALLOWED, OF COURSE, AND—
DION! REMEMBER ME?

UH, YEAH...YOU'RE, UH...
VICKI! WE WERE IN HOME ROOM TOGETHER—
DION! WOULD YOU PLEASE SIGN MY INVITATION?



MY GOD!—I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS THAT BAD!
IT GETS WORSE...THE ELEMENT I SPEAK OF IS FREEMASONRY—WHICH IS NOTHING MORE THAN A FRONT FOR MI-5-BRITISH INTELLIGENCE. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THEY HAVE THE MOST SOPHISTICATED MIND CONTROL TECHNIQUES AT THEIR DISPOSAL...
...THAT'S THE SECRET OF YOUR COUSIN'S HOLD ON THE YOUNG—AND WOMEN. IT'S IN HIS SO-CALLED MUSIC—SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES, BACKWARD MASKING...

LET'S GO OUTSIDE WHERE WE CAN TALK WITHOUT ALL THOSE INTERRUPTIONS...

HERE- HAVE SOME PUNCH...
WHY, THANK YOU, DEAR...

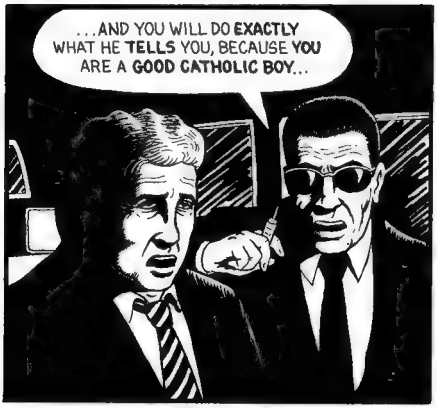
...DRUGS PLAY A PART IN THIS PLOT TOO. MI-5 HAS BEEN BEHIND THE DRUG CULTURE FROM THE START. ALDOUS HUXLEY WAS AN AGENT OF THEIRS. SO WERE JOHN LENNON, BOB MARLEY, JERRY GARCIA, JIM MORRISON, AND OTHERS...
...THAT'S WHY WE ELIMINATED THEM. BUT AS SOON AS WE ELIMINATE ONE THEY COME UP WITH ANOTHER EVEN WORSE-LIKE DION NYSOS, WHO WE'VE LEARNED PLANS TO SPIKE THE PUNCH AT THAT PARTY TONIGHT WITH APS-30...

...APS-30 IS EVEN WORSE THAN LSD. IT ACTS ON THE SEX CENTERS OF THE BRAIN. IN MINUTES IT CAN TURN EVEN A NUN INTO A NYMPHOMANIAC. IT'S DIABOLICAL-EVIL. YOUR MOTHER'S GOING TO BE AT THAT PARTY, ISN'T SHE?...
...PICTURE IT-YOUR MOTHER SUCKING THAT PERVERT'S DICK. IT MAKES ME SICK-AND SHE'S NOT EVEN MY MOTHER. IT'S AN OUTRAGE AGAINST ALL WOMANHOOD. IT'S A GOB OF SPIT IN THE FACE OF ALL THAT'S DECENT...

...AND WITH AN ADDITIONAL, SAY, ONE MILLION, THE SOCIETY COULD DO SO MUCH MORE.
WHY, I'D BE HAPPY TO HELP, AUNT AGNES.

OH, THAT'S SO GOOD OF YOU. YOU ALWAYS WERE SUCH A GOOD BOY-AND SO HANDSOME! I ALWAYS THOUGHT SO. DID YOU KNOW THAT?
NO, AUNT AGNES, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT...

...NOW I'M GOING TO COUNT BACKWARDS FROM TEN, AND WHEN I REACH ZERO, YOU WILL HEAR THE VOICE OF THE POPE...


...AND YOU WILL DO EXACTLY WHAT HE TELLS YOU, BECAUSE YOU ARE A GOOD CATHOLIC BOY...

...TEN...NINE... EIGHT...

IF I DIDN'T KNOW AGNES, I'D SWEAR THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THIS PUNCH!

THE ROBOT HAS ENTERED THE HOUSE.
TRIPLE NINE, THE ROBOT IS IN THE HOUSE. ARE YOU READY?

READY.
I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME BACK HOME...
...MAYBE NOW WE CAN LET BYGONES BE BYGONES AND BECOME REALLY CLOSE...

HE'S READY. SEND THE ROBOT ON BACK.

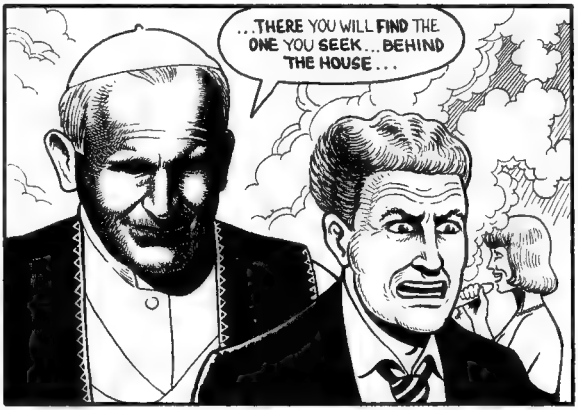
GO OUTSIDE... BEHIND THE HOUSE...

...GO OUTSIDE... BEHIND THE HOUSE...

...IT FEELS NICE BEING CLOSE LIKE THIS, DOESN'T IT?
CHOONK!
YES, AUNT AGNES, IT DOES.

I REALIZE I WASN'T ALWAYS A GOOD MOTHER TO YOU, BUT MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT UP TO YOU NOW...

...GO BEHIND THE HOUSE...


...THERE YOU WILL FIND THE ONE YOU SEEK...BEHIND THE HOUSE...

...HE'S GOING THROUGH THE BACK DOOR...

...HERE—HAVE SOME OF THIS PUNCH. TEE-HEE!...
MY GOD! HAS EVERYONE LOST THEIR MINDS?!

MOM!

...DO IT... DO IT...
MOM!? HOW COULD YOU?!...

...DO IT... DO IT...

NO! PETER! DON'T SHOOT!

BLAM!

CRASH!

TRIPLE NINE- FIRE!...

...TRIPLE NINE, DO YOU READ ME?! FIRE!...

PETER, DON'T SHOOT ME!
GODDAMMIT, MOM, IT'S NOT YOU I'M TRYING TO-

BLAM!

THIS WAY!

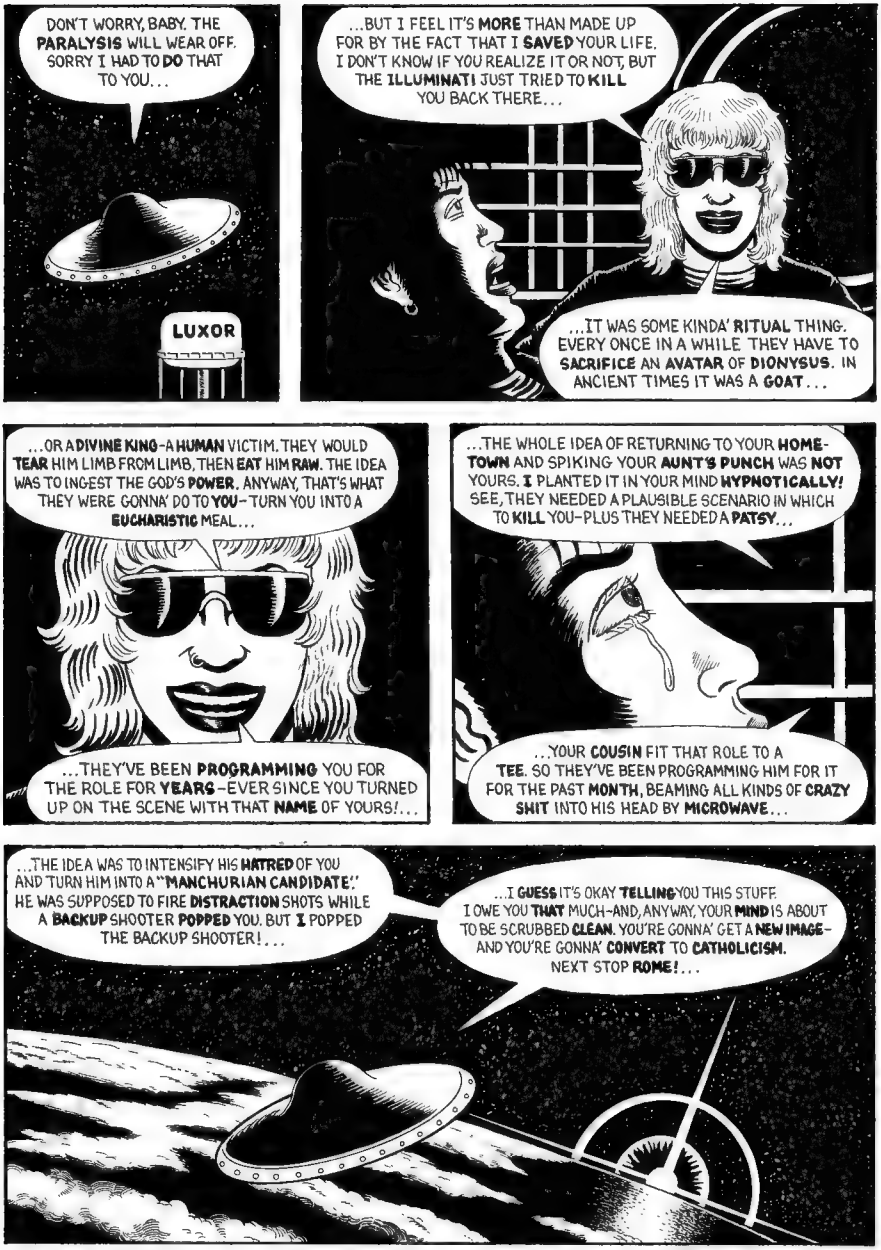
WHA-?
GRRR...

HEY! WHAT IS THIS?!
GRRRR...

HA! HA! THIS IS MK-ULTRA, BABY...

...NO, SIR-I'M AFRAID NOT. ONE OF OUR AGENTS SABOTAGED THE OPERATION. SHE SHOT THE BACKUP SHOOTER...
TITAN COMMUNICATIONS

...THEN HIJACKED OUR BOY. EVIDENTLY SHE'S A DOUBLE AGENT. SHE MUST BE P-2 OR OPUS DEI-DEFINITELY VATICAN...



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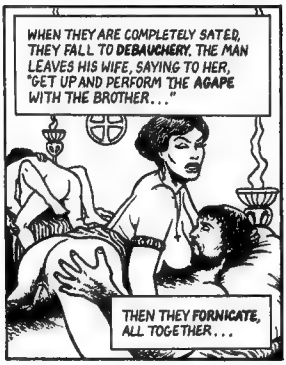
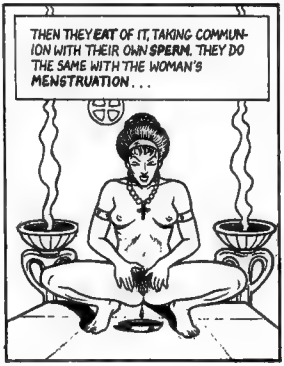
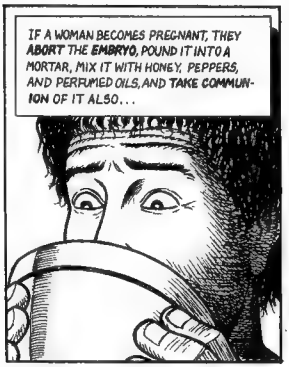
A TRUE TALE OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY...

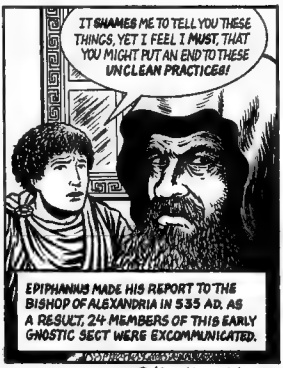
THE TEMPTATION OF ST. EPIPHANIUS

BY MACK WHITE









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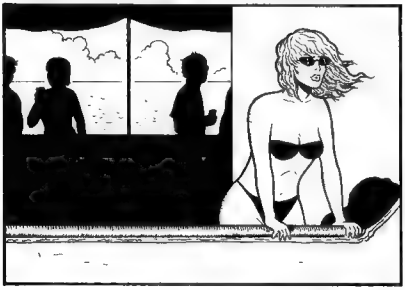
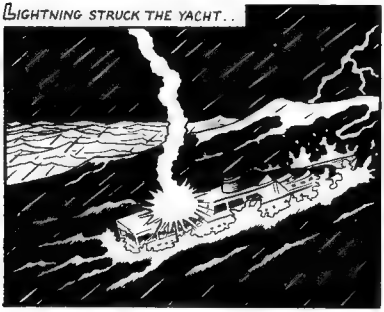
THE NUDIST NUNS OF GOAT ISLAND

BY MACK WHITE

I WAS CRUISING WITH FRIENDS IN THE **MEDITERRANEAN**...

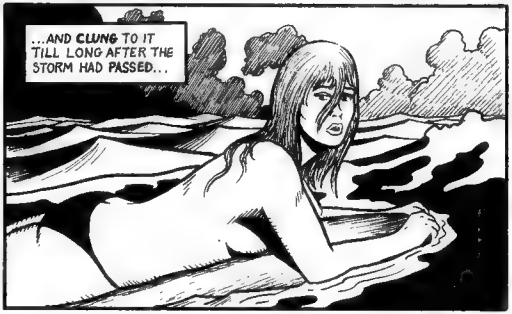


LIGHTNING STRUCK THE YACHT..



A **FIRE** SPREAD BELOW DECK, BUT BEFORE I COULD REACH THE **LIFEBOAT**–

I WAS **THROWN CLEAR** BY THE FORCE OF THE **EXPLOSION**. BLINDLY I GRABBED A PIECE OF **DEBRIS**...



NEAR SUNSET I SPOTTED AN **ISLAND** AND PADDLED TOWARDS IT. I FELL **EXHAUSTED** ON THE BEACH...

THEN I HEARD **VOICES** AND LOOKED UP...

STANDING OVER ME WERE TWO **NUDE WOMEN**...

I THOUGHT PERHAPS I HAD WASHED ASHORE ON A **NUDE BEACH**. THEN JUST BEFORE I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS...

...I SAW THEY WORE THE **HABITS** OF **NUNS**.

I AWOKE IN A STRANGE ROOM. I REMEMBERED THE **NUDIST NUNS**. HAD THEY BEEN A **HALLUCINATION**? THEN THE DOOR OPENED..

...AND I SAW THAT THEY WERE **REAL**...

WHEN I WAS **RECOVERED** FROM MY **ORDEAL**, I WAS TAKEN TO THE **MOTHER SUPERIOR**...

WELCOME TO **GOAT ISLAND**—AND WELCOME TO OUR **CONVENT**.

NO DOUBT YOU HAVE NOTICED SOMETHING **UNUSUAL** ABOUT US...

AS A MATTER OF **FACT**, I—

IT IS OUR **VOW** THAT WE SHOULD ALWAYS GO ABOUT **NAKED**. THE REASON FOR THIS IS **SECRET**. INDEED, THE VERY **EXISTENCE** OF OUR ORDER IS SECRET—

—SO SECRET **NOT EVEN THE POPE** KNOWS ABOUT US!

THE **ONLY MENTION** OF THIS **CONVENT** IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS IN AN **ANCIENT BOOK** KEPT UNDER LOCK AND KEY IN THE **VATICAN**, WITH INSTRUCTIONS NOT TO OPEN TILL **JUDGMENT DAY**...

ROMANS 11:32

BECAUSE OUR SECRET MUST BE KEPT, THEN, NO ONE WHO COMES TO THIS ISLAND MAY EVER LEAVE!

WHAT?!
ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE. THERE ARE NO BOATS ON THE ISLAND, AND EVEN IF THERE WERE—
—YOU WOULD FIND THE WATERS UNNAVIGABLE!

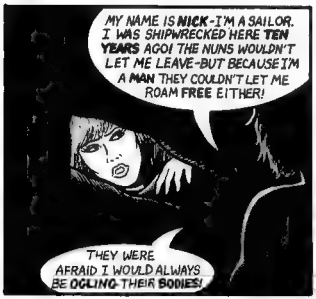
IT IS THE LORD'S WILL THAT YOU REMAIN HERE AS OUR PERMANENT GUEST. WE WILL SERVE YOU...
.. YOU NEED DO NO WORK NOR FOLLOW ANY RULES —BUT ONE...

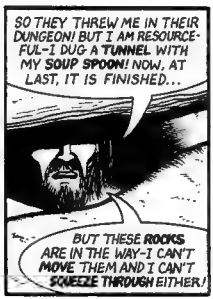
...DEEP IN OUR DUNGEON IS A DEMON WHICH IT IS OUR SACRED DUTY TO GUARD TILL JUDGMENT DAY...
NEVER INTERFERE WITH THIS DUTY!

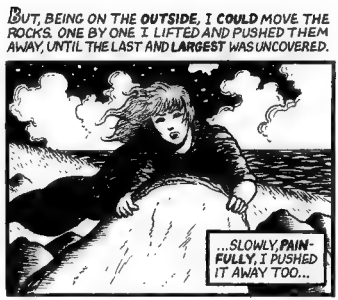
I DOUBTED THERE WAS TRULY A DEMON IN THE DUNGEON. AND I DOUBTED TOO IT WAS THE LORD'S WILL I STAY ON THE ISLAND. BUT IT MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN, FOR ONE THING WAS TRUE: THERE WAS NOT A BOAT TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE ON THE ISLAND.
ROMANS 11:32
I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT BOATING, SO IF I'D BEEN ABLE TO FIND A BOAT, I WOULD HAVE ESCAPED— AND FOUND OUT FOR MYSELF WHETHER OR NOT THE WATERS AROUND THE ISLAND WERE UNNAVIGABLE, AS THE MOTHER SUPERIOR HAD WARNED...

BUT THERE WAS NO BOAT—AND I DIDN'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT BUILDING A RAFT. SO ALL I COULD DO WAS LOOK OUT TO SEA AND HOPE FOR RESCUE FROM THESE CRAZY, GOAT-SACRIFICING NUNS. THEN ONE NIGHT WHILE THE NUNS WERE AT THEIR PRAYERS...
HEY, MISS! OVER HERE!
A MAN'S VOICE CALLED TO ME FROM UNDER A PILE OF ROCKS...

COME CLOSER! HURRY! YOU'RE DRESSED—SO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEM! CAN I TRUST YOU?
YES—BUT WHO ARE YOU?


MY NAME IS NICK-I'M A SAILOR. I WAS SHIPWRECKED HERE TEN YEARS AGO! THE NUNS WOULDN'T LET ME LEAVE-BUT BECAUSE I'M A MAN THEY COULDN'T LET ME ROAM FREE EITHER!
THEY WERE AFRAID I WOULD ALWAYS BE OGLING THEIR BODIES!


SO THEY THREW ME IN THEIR DUNGEON! BUT I AM RESOURCEFUL-I DUG A TUNNEL WITH MY SOUP SPOON! NOW, AT LAST, IT IS FINISHED...
BUT THESE ROCKS ARE IN THE WAY-I CAN'T MOVE THEM AND I CAN'T SQUEEZE THROUGH EITHER!


BUT, BEING ON THE OUTSIDE, I COULD MOVE THE ROCKS. ONE BY ONE I LIFTED AND PUSHED THEM AWAY, UNTIL THE LAST AND LARGEST WAS UNCOVERED.
...SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, I PUSHED IT AWAY TOO...

HE EMERGED INTO THE MOONLIGHT AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW HIM CLEARLY...

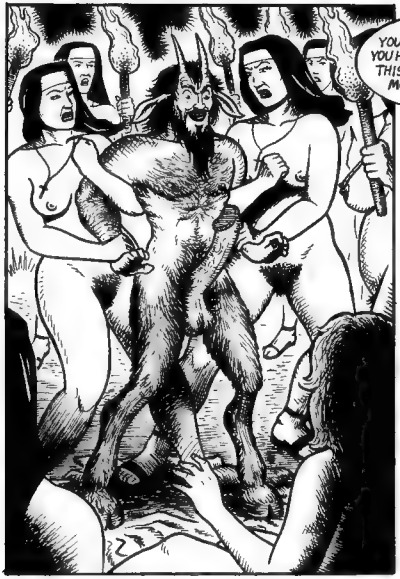
SOME DEMON, I THOUGHT. IF ANYTHING, HE LOOKED RATHER CHRIST-LIKE WITH HIS BEARD AND SAD EYES...
WE'D BETTER LEAVE BEFORE THE NUNS SEE US!

WE FLED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND AND HID IN THE WOODS. HE SAID HE WOULD BUILD A RAFT COME DAYLIGHT.

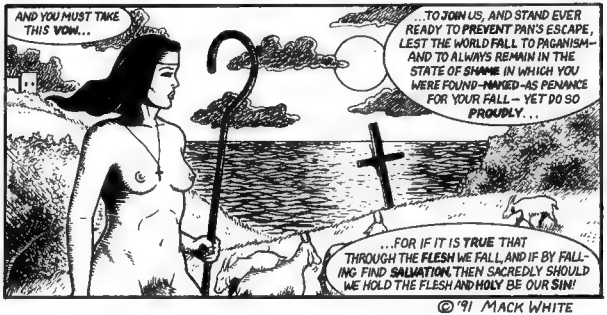
THE NIGHT WAS COOL, SO WE USED MY CLOAK AS A BLANKET. HE PUT HIS ARM AROUND ME...
IT HAS BEEN SO LONG SINCE I FELT A WOMAN'S TOUCH.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME. MAYBE IT WAS HIS SAD EYES—HIS LONELINESS—MY LONELINESS—OUR CLOSENESS—HIS WARMTH—OUR HEARTS BEATING TOGETHER FASTER AND FASTER...

SEIZE HIM!



I CLUNG TO **MOTHER SUPERIOR** IN FEAR AND **SHAME**. I FELT **DIRTY** AND LOATHESOME IN THE SIGHT OF THE **LORD**. I BEGGED HIS FORGIVENESS AND **WEPT** BITTERLY. MY TEARS WET THE **LOINS** OF MOTHER SUPERIOR...



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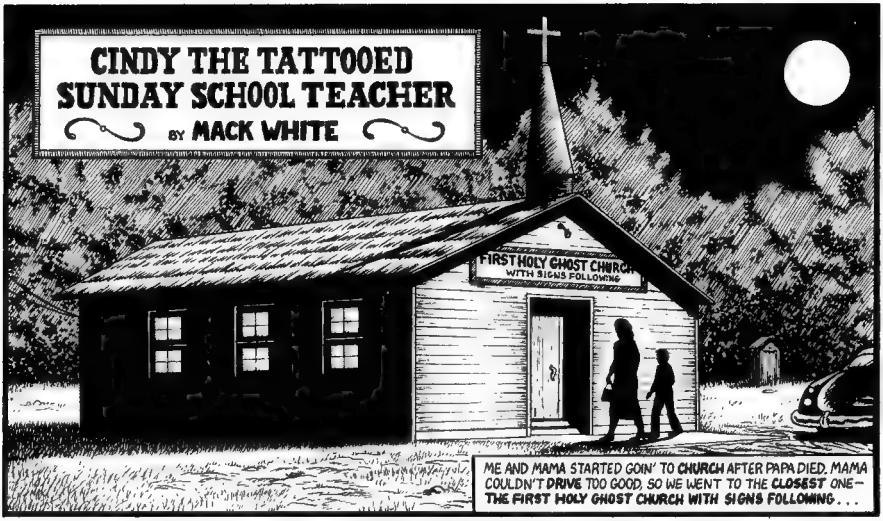
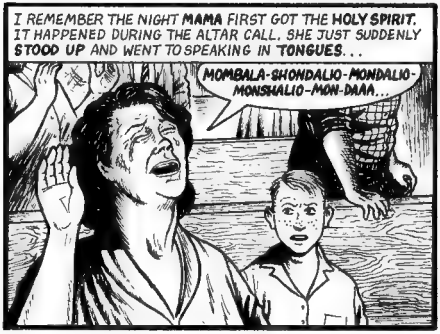
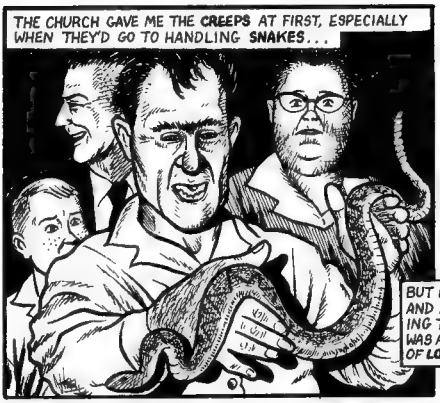
CINDY THE TATTOOED SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

BY MACK WHITE

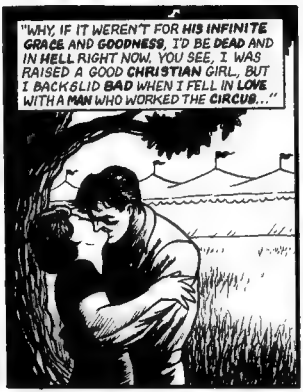




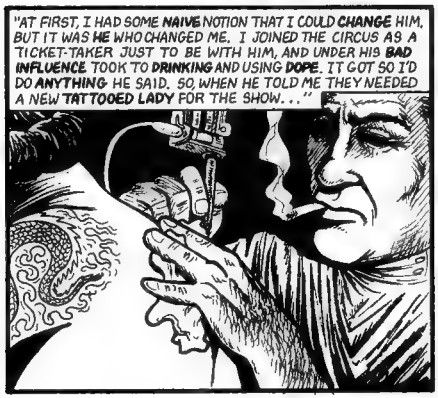

THE CHURCH GAVE ME THE CREEPS AT FIRST, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'D GO TO HANDLING SNAKES...

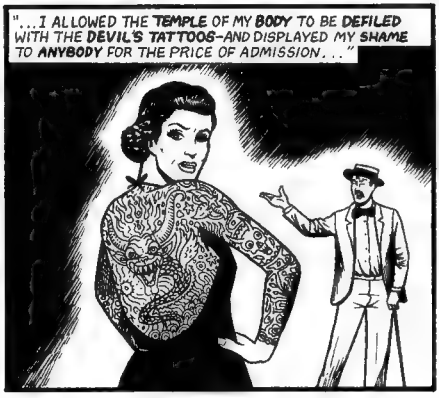
BUT LATER I GOT USED TO IT, AND IT GAVE ME A GOOD FEELING TO BE THERE, EVER'BODY WAS ALWAYS SO HAPPY AND FULL OF LOVE FOR THE LORD...

SISTER CINDY STARTED COMING TO THE CHURCH A FEW MONTHS AFTER WE DID. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME SHE TESTIFIED...
I'D LIKE TO THANK THE LORD FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING HERE TONIGHT...


"WHY, IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIS INFINITE GRACE AND GOODNESS, I'D BE DEAD AND IN HELL RIGHT NOW. YOU SEE, I WAS RAISED A GOOD CHRISTIAN GIRL, BUT I BACKSLID BAD WHEN I FELL IN LOVE WITH A MAN WHO WORKED THE CIRCUS..."

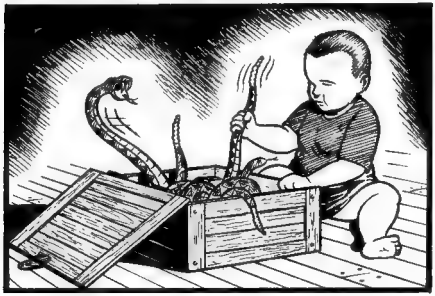
"HE WAS WHAT THEY CALL A 'TALKER' FOR THE FREAK SHOW. TALKING WAS WHAT HE DID BEST, YOU SEE. HE TALKED PEOPLE OUT OF THEIR MONEY—AND HE TALKED ME OUT OF MY VIRTUE..."


"AT FIRST, I HAD SOME NAIVE NOTION THAT I COULD CHANGE HIM, BUT IT WAS HE WHO CHANGED ME. I JOINED THE CIRCUS AS A TICKET-TAKER JUST TO BE WITH HIM, AND UNDER HIS BAD INFLUENCE TOOK TO DRINKING AND USING DOPE. IT GOT SO I'D DO ANYTHING HE SAID. SO, WHEN HE TOLD ME THEY NEEDED A NEW TATTOOED LADY FOR THE SHOW..."


"...I ALLOWED THE TEMPLE OF MY BODY TO BE DEFILED WITH THE DEVIL'S TATTOOS—AND DISPLAYED MY SHAME TO ANYBODY FOR THE PRICE OF ADMISSION..."

...THEN THE CIRCUS FELL ON HARD TIMES AND DISBANDED. NOT LONG AFTER, MY SO-CALLED LOVER DESERTED ME...
They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. MARK 16:18
"I DRIFTED AROUND, WORKING THE CARNIVALS AND DIME MUSEUMS. BUT, AS TIME PASSED, THERE WAS LESS DEMAND FOR TATTOOED LADIES, AND EVENTUALLY I COULD FIND NO WORK AT ALL. I WAS REDUCED TO DISPLAYING MYSELF TO MEN IN BARS FOR THE PRICE OF A DRINK. THEN, ONE NIGHT..."
...UNNH...NO... NO...
"MY TATTOOS CAME ALIVE AND TORMENTED ME. SOME MIGHT SAY I WAS HAVING THE DT'S. BUT I KNOW WHAT IT REALLY WAS—THE DP'S—DEMONIC POSSESSION. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, I PRAYED..."
DEAR LORD, RELEASE ME FROM THESE DEMONS!
"MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED. THERE APPEARED BEFORE ME A GLOWING CROSS THAT GAVE FORTH A WHITE LIGHT SO INTENSE IT BURNED AWAY THE DEVIL'S TATTOOS..."
...AND LEFT IN THEIR PLACE NEW TATTOOS—THE LORD'S TATTOOS!
LOVE ONE ANOTHER!
THIS IS AS MUCH AS DECENCY WILL ALLOW ME TO SHOW. YOU MUST TAKE IT ON FAITH THEN THAT I AM ENTIRELY COVERED WITH THESE HOLY IMAGES...
I AM A WALKING PICTURE BOOK OF BIBLE STORIES, PRAISE GOD!

IT **SHOCKED** EVER'BODY WHEN **SISTER CINDY** SHOWED HER **TATTOOS**. ME, I WAS **AMAZED**, 'CUZ I'D NEVER SEEN A **MIRACLE** BEFORE. 'COURSE, THEY WAS SOME **DOUBTING THOMASES** DIDN'T THINK IT WAS A **REAL** MIRACLE. BUT THEY SHUT UP REAL **QUICK** THE NIGHT SISTER CINDY **HEALED** LITTLE BOBBY BUGBY. IT HAPPENED LIKE **THIS**: BOBBY WANDERED OFF FROM HIS MAMA DURING SERVICE AND GOT INTO THE **SNAKE BOX**, WHICH **BROTHER HARRIS** HAD FORGOT TO LOCK...



DIDN'T NOBODY **NOTICE**, THEY WAS ALL SO BUSY **DANCING** IN THE **SPIRIT**, BUT **SISTER CINDY** SURE NOTICED...

SHE **RIPPED** HER BLOUSE OPEN AND PRESSED BOBBY'S HAND AGAINST ONE OF HER **TATTOOS**...

...WHEN SHE PULLED IT **AWAY**, THERE WASN'T A **SCRATCH** ON IT...

AFTER **THAT**, FOLK'S STARTED SAYING **SISTER CINDY** MUST BE A **SAINT**. SHE WAS ALWAYS THE CENTER OF ATTENTION, AND TOOK TO TESTIFYING LONGER AND LONGER...

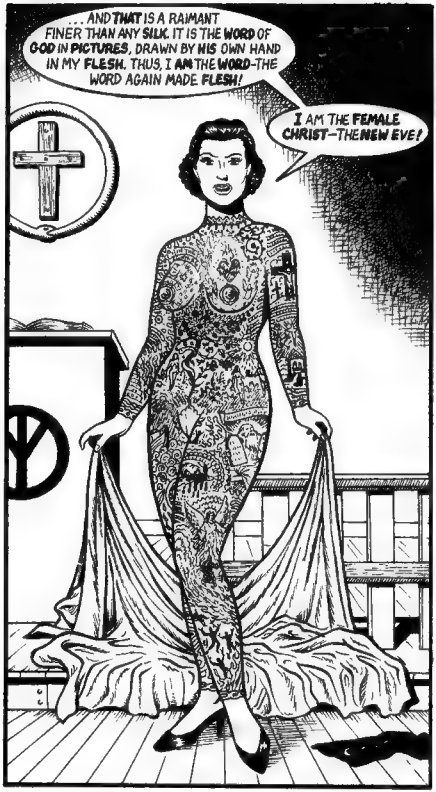
IT GOT SO SHE'D TESTIFY SO **LONG** THAT **BROTHER HARRIS** WOULDN'T HAVE TIME TO PREACH HIS SERMON...

AFTER AWHILE, HE GAVE UP EVEN **TRYING** TO PREACH. HE'D COME IN AFTER **SISTER CINDY** HAD STARTED SERVICE AND STAND AT THE **BACK**, WATCHING...

OTHERS STOPPED COMING TOO. THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE CHANGES SISTER CINDY WAS MAKING. BUT THEY WAS ONLY A FEW – AND, ANYWAY, LIKE SISTER CINDY SAID...
WE'RE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THEM. THEY WERE LIKE WEEDS THAT HAD TO BE GOTTEN RID OF SO THAT GOD'S GARDEN CAN GROW.

YOU ARE GOD'S GARDEN – YOU ARE THE ELECT – YOU ARE THE ONES HE HATH CHOSEN TO HEAR MY SECRET TEACHINGS...
...THE TIME NOW IS RIGHT...

BEHOLD... IN HOLY POVERTY I STAND BEFORE YOU. YET I AM NOT REALLY NAKED, FOR I AM CLOTHED IN THE LORD'S TATTOOS...


...AND THAT IS A RAIMANT FINER THAN ANY SILK. IT IS THE WORD OF GOD IN PICTURES, DRAWN BY HIS OWN HAND IN MY FLESH. THUS, I AM THE WORD – THE WORD AGAIN MADE FLESH!
I AM THE FEMALE CHRIST – THE NEW EVE!

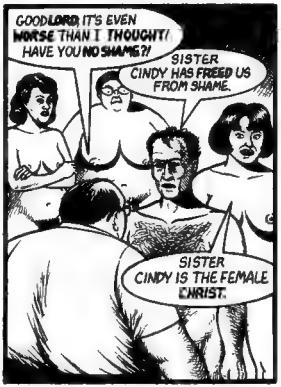
JESUS, THE MALE CHRIST, REDEEMED HUMANITY FROM THE FALL. THUS, HE IS CALLED THE NEW ADAM...

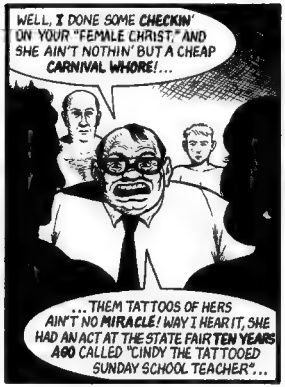
...YET THIS REDEMPTION WAS ONLY PARTIAL. FOR IT TO BE COMPLETE, THE WORD MUST NOW INCARNATE AS A WOMAN – AS THE NEW EVE. AND SO I HAVE COME...

AS TIME PASSED, SISTER CINDY GAVE MANY SIGNS THAT SHE WAS WHAT SHE SAID SHE WAS. SHE HEALED, SHE PROPHESIED, AND SHE HANDLED A MONSTROUS BIG SNAKE...

SISTER CINDY FREED US FROM SHAME. SHE TAUGHT US THAT DANCIN' NEKKID' IS A GREATER SIGN OF HOLINESS THAN TALKIN' IN TONGUES AND SHAKENANDLIN' 'CAUSE IT SHOWS YOU'VE RETURNED TO THE INNOCENCE OF EDEN. WE WAS HAPPY. THEN ONE NIGHT THE DOOR OPENED AND...
SLAM!

SATAN, I REBUKE YOU!


GOODLORD! IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN I THOUGHT! HAVE YOU NO SHAME?!
SISTER CINDY HAS FREED US FROM SHAME.
SISTER CINDY IS THE FEMALE CHRIST.


WELL, I DONE SOME CHECKIN' ON YOUR "FEMALE CHRIST," AND SHE AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A CHEAP CARNIVAL WHORE!...
...THEM TATTOOS OF HERS AIN'T NO MIRACLE! WAY I HEAR IT, SHE HAD AN ACT AT THE STATE FAIR TEN YEARS AGO CALLED "CINDY THE TATTOOED SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER"...

SISTER CINDY HAD PROPHESIED THAT BROTHER HARRIS WOULD COME BACK AND TRY TO LEAD US ASTRAY, SO WE WAS READY FOR HIM...
...WHY, THAT ACT WAS TOO FILTHY AND BLASPHEMOUS EVEN FOR THE STATE FAIR! THEY–

I FETCHED HIM A GOOD WHACK UPSIDE THE HEAD WHICH KNOCKED HIM OUT COLD. THEN WE CARRIED HIM OUT BACK AND TIED HIM TO A POST. WHEN HE COME TO, HE WENT TO PRAYIN' AND SINGIN' HYMNS TO TRY TO FOOL US INTO THINKIN' HE WEREN'T A DEVIL–WHICH HE WAS...
ONWARD CHRISTIAN SO-O-O-LDIERS...

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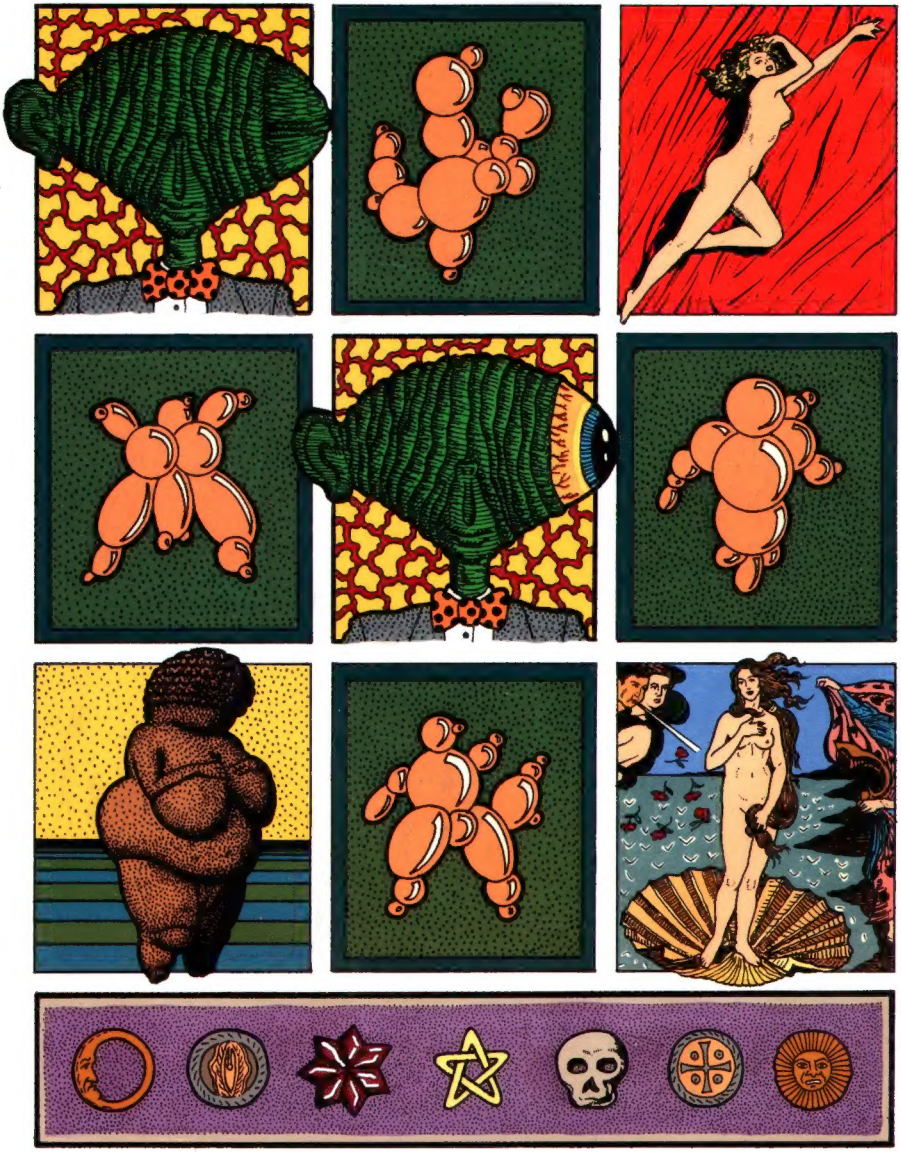
THE DREAMING MIND

That moment after death when your life passes before your eyes and every action every thought every feeling you ever had throughout your entire life is played back all in one instant–in that timeless moment the illusory nature of time is realized–time purely subjective, a phenomenon of the flesh, a meat by-product as it were, the animal brain's attempt to organize events into cause-and-effect, to neatly package all experience into finite units of past-present-future– This is the essential, *acausal* Truth, forgotten by Mind sleeping in meat– This sleep the true crucifixion, carried out on the meat-wheel mandala, the molding by body of Mind into ego–And what is resurrection but the remembering after death–the crack of the egg–Mind spilt like yolk on the pavement, sunnyside-up: *Surprise, it's stigmata sunrise* . . . Are we not in the Bardo now, dreaming this dream of consensual reality which seems so long the way dreams do–so many years, centuries, millenia– Great migrations of entire peoples, movements of entire continents, all passing in one instant, albeit infinite in the broadlit spaces outside body time– Is this not the Bardo, this psychic condition, this hallucination that I am many– Is this not a game I play to relieve my loneliness, out of which comes more loneliness and a yearning to return– Is this not a madness– And am I not already dead and this but the remembrance of the dream–that instantaneous moment when I heard the hum All is One and One is All and All is all there is... Sophia daughter of God went her own way from the Light, thus causing the primordial split into male and female, the origin of all woe and desire–the birth of the beast with two backs and the bicameral brain– Her tears of regret redeem us . . . Out of the uroboric mother, out of her hermaphroditic ithyphallic womb, out comes the worm which she eats and disgorges, eats and disgorges forever . . . At this portal father came with lamplight into mother's darkness, and now the babe comes out of the shadows, wet from the uterine journey, guided by the phallus, with dimmest memory of his former femininity and distant yearning for her masculine potential– Then oh then the awareness of differences between things–dualities not only of Glen and Glenda, but of light and dark, and good and evil–subject and object, positive and negative, the sing-song hymn of the velvet crooner: *For every yin there's a yang– For every yang there's a yin– For every yin with a yen for a yang there's a yang with a yen for a yin*... Which brings us back to the Primal Scene, where the goat boys play upon the green and we celebrate the orgy of the mendicant nuns– *Arise all men, she comes, Mother Superior the Temple Prostitute–Helen, Whore of Heaven, Holy Sophia Incarnate,* My First Thought– Now bury bone in archetypal tail to the drumbeat, *Simon Magus says*–pump hot pepper seed balls like little silver bullet stars deep into the fur-lined firmament of Eve–Eve who in *all* her manifestations guides us to the Serpent and Salvation at the Tree–her stigmata the flower bud's corner, a rosy cross to be sure– For sex whether practiced as ascetic discipline or carried out in the sewer is always a sacrament, a unification of polar energies–a jumpstart off Heaven's battery– The Stoic masturbating in the marketplace demonstrates detachment more eloquently than a sermon– The Gnostic humiliating the flesh like the flagellant but through pleasure, spurting Pleromic sperm *splat* in the communion cup–collect a goblet's worth, then gobble up the goopy ocean whole–partakes of a ceremony which being divine like the Epiphany on Mt. Sinai can blind, therefore make it taboo– Yet from this ocean came Life, and out of the demiurgic motion of its waves came Yahweh who spanked the monkey in Eden, and so outsprayed Creation: Go forth and multiply– 'Twas not the Devil sat on Onan's shoulder bidding him on Mother Earth to spill a seed that ne'er would sew– No, but an Angel speaking above the demonic puritans' preachy din: Awake, and make this dream lucid– *Who do you hate– Who do you desire*... When first I saw your form so fair in morning greylight, under neon Pegasus turning, knew I then *O hallowed flesh*– When first our babe kicked against my back, deep in the shadows of our dreaming, knew I then *O hallowed flesh*– For that was the summer of the Orange City and the dome of the embryonic pool, where silver shaftlight like a straw draws up pink soup, forming a luminous fleshy rope–a phallic umbilicus trembling in the Void, orgasmic energy surging towards the oculus, around which dance demons and deities in Kama Sutra combinations coupling, leaping, whirling like dervishes, spinning around in a yin-yang swirl, building up a wind–the karmic wind that pulls you in, back towards the Core, back to the cosmic mosaic and the multi-eyed face of God . . .

FERTILITY FUNNIES



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